FEB 21 1973

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[illegible] 2/20/73

Dear Mr. Scott,

Enclosed are most of pages 1,2 and 4 of Dione Turner's letter of the 16th to me and a carbon of my response. I do not have legal-size paper for my copying machine and I do not want to load you up with things to take your time. You are, of course, welcome to the entire letter if you want it. Only in part because of references to you do I send you these excerpts.

"Mensch" as the signature is a private joke between us. It is Yiddish for person, in the sense of being a real human being, decent. It is a word she used long ago when I was trying to get her to straighten her life out.

I ask you to take special note of the conclusion. I have strongly discouraged her going public, as you will see, and told her to do nothing without your o.k. I know her well and encourage you to be severe on this. I would presume that the underground papers know of her situation through her efforts only. "Head" is the name of the editor of the New Orleans underground paper. His father is head of the best psychiatric institution in Louisiana (and says that is condemnation of the others, not praise of his). Dione worked there for a while as an X-ray technician. According to a chemist who also worked there, she was a whiz at it, ignoring the charts and scales and using superb Kentucky windage.

The character of this letter is entirely different from that of the one before it. Here she has found God and peace, before she was close to hysterical. I have seen her this way before and have wondered if she is schizo. Yet I know of no irrational thing she has done, although I suspect a couple.

I do know that while she was friendly with me she was also doing unfriendly things, although I never told her. I always played it straight with her, never calling her a liar when she told me obvious lies. She was, in fact, quite helpful to me in my work. Frankly, I don't yet know how she knew what she did, but of the things I elected to check out, she was always quite accurate. Sometimes she was like a loving daughter, sometimes a real shrew. Once, as I remind her, I did spank her. It made a difference, too, which is why I conclude my letter as I do. I suppose it comes from something in the family relationship, rather something lacking. She was then 21, behaving like a little girl, but talking like a man. She appears to have taken the spanking as an expression of fatherly concern. Soon after I got home she sent me a picture of herself as a girl of perhaps 8-10.

From knowing her, I have no doubt that when she wrote the enclosed words she meant every one of them. Where I have a question, it has to do with the sentiments lasting. Deep down inside there is some good and much suppressed desire to be good and to be approved. It sometimes takes strange forms. My reference to the bottle is to a half-gallon of Scotch she stole to give to me. Her then boyfriend was with her when she did it and confirmed to me that she had stolen it. She knew I didn't have much money, liked Scotch and worked hard on disagreeable work when I was in her area.

You have an unusual client with one of the most exceptional minds I have ever met, unusual daring, a soaring imagination and an unusual acting ability. When she was a narc fink, I'm certain she was a good one. I saw her, in the language she uses, blow the minds of a very square assistant district attorney and the district attorney's chief investigator when they once joined her and me in a dining room and invited us to take a drive with them. When we got into the car she asked, "How did you get so-and-so's Lincoln?" She named one of the areas biggest pushers--correctly. It had been his car and had been confiscated. Asked how she knew it was this man's car, she said she helped put him away and later told me it was in part because of something he had done to her. She further confounded these square types by giving them detail after detail about the car--where stuff had been hidden in it and how they had never solved some of the mysteries about it--even how they manifested themselves. From her behavior when she was 21 and I knew her, I assumed she was on speed. When I was in New Orleans again before Thanksgiving 1971 and had some information for the local narcs, when I gave it to them I asked about her. She had been a good informant and

theynever had any reason to suspect she was ever on hard stuff. The last several times I saw her I am satisfied she was not taking pills or dropping acid.

Diane has the ability to take much time of others. In her present situation, I rather imagine she may indulge this disposition more. However, if there is any prospect of her straightening out - she says she had when all this happened - she is worth the effort. She is a remarkably expressive person. In words and in drawing and painting. Her natural conversational style is somehat Holden Caulfieldish. She often writes this way. She could be a success with the brush from the pen-and-ink sketches she has done for and given to me and from some of the Xmas-tree decorations she sent me and we still have. She could done a hell of a job of warning kids against drugs, one of the things she has in mind in referring to our writing together, as she has recently, whether in the enclosed excerpts or not.

I can't continue to take the time I have to try to be kind and helpful to her, but I want to do what I can. This appears to be a time of special crisis for her, hence my taking time I do not have. I would appreciate it if you could let me know exactly what her situation is, medically and legally. She says that someone she knew visited her when, without her knowing it, he had a syringe on him. The police came and she was charged and this acquaintance wasn't. This may seem pretty farout and it may be false. But unless her body showed signs of her shooting, there are reasons why I could believe it. It is not impossible that there was interest in her for other reasons she will not, I am certain, tell you about except on impulse or in desparation.

Obviously, I have no way of knowing what the truth is. After a long silence she phoned me from Houston, not long before the arrest. She told me she was in school, doing well, and looking forward to a new career as an undertaker. She gave me as her address 2814 Albany St., Apt. A, and her phone as 529-6297. There was nothing irrational about what she then said. She said that if I had occasion to be in Houston she had accomodations in a separate room and would like to see me. The strange thing is that there is some work I then should have been doing in Houston but it was impossible for me.

Of course I do not expect you to violate the lawyer-client relationship, but I would like to know what she would call the real scoop so that I might be guided by it. If there is anything you would like of me, please ask it.

Sincerely,

Harold Weinberg